

## Look Up And We'll be More Than Friends

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## Look Up And We'll be More Than Friends

by [Shhbequiet](#)

### Summary

George's mum let's a friend's son move in for university. George isn't too thrilled, until he sees him and looks *up*.

### Notes

so basically George is around 5'3 in this because i wanted to write a height difference kink lol

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"George, come out here! I need to talk to you!" George heard his mum call from the living room. He sighed and rose from where he was sitting at his desk, opening the door and making his way out of his room.

"Yes mum, what is it?" George asked.

She stood up from the couch excitedly, "I just got off the phone with an old friend, her son wants to go to university here, so I told her he could stay with us. Isn't that great?"

"What? How is that great? Do you even know him? What if he's some weirdo?" George started to

list his questions out loud. He definitely wasn't excited like his mum was, he liked having his own private space for just him and his mum.

"Oh lighten up, he seems like a nice boy, he's around your age and he's even studying computer science like you did."

"Why are you so happy to lend your house to a stranger?" George hadn't seen his mum this joyful in awhile.

"Well, ever since your dad and I got divorced and your sister moved out it hasn't been very lively here. You barely leave your room and I think it would be nice for you to have a friend." She ended her sentence with clear hope in her voice. "Look, he's going to the same university you attended, so it would be nice of you to show him around. He'll stay in the guest bedroom and eat dinner with us but if you really hate him you are free to stay cooped up in your room like usual, okay?" She compromised with him.

"Of course mum...I'll give him the benefit of the doubt, maybe he won't be so bad." George smiled at her. He'll try to be friends just so his mum could stop worrying about him.

"Okay, I'm going to pick him up from the airport, can you finish cleaning up for me?" His mum frantically searched for her keys, before finding them on the kitchen counter and putting them in her purse.

"Yes, I've got it. Now go before you leave him stranded at the airport." George gave her a quick hug and set out to finish sweeping the floor. He rolled his eyes to himself, this guy better not be expecting them to clean up after him.

After he was done, he sat on the couch with the tv on, adjusting the pillows. He wonders what this guy is going to be like. He has no idea what he's like at all, he doesn't even know his name! Maybe he should have asked his mum anything about him, but he was trying to avoid thinking about it. Now he's nervous. What if he's a total douche and makes fun of him? He's sure that his mum would stick up for him but it would suck to get bullied in his own house. What if they just don't have anything in common and it just ends up being awkward? George is shook out of his thoughts as he hears the front door open.

"George come introduce yourself!" His mum yells from the door.

George makes his way over, wiping his sweaty hands on his jeans, he'd hate to make a bad first impression. He turns the corner, small smile on his face ready to meet him. His eyes catch his mum first, locking the door, and he sweeps his eyes to the side expecting to see a face. Instead he's met with a man's chest and his whole head tilts up to make eye contact. He's *tall*. He looks to be about a whole foot taller than him. Not only that but he's cute too. George's whole face instantly flushes as he takes in his features. The man has short dark blond hair and his eyes are a colour that George can't quite see, he's learned from experience that means they're green. He has a light speckle of freckles dusted over his cheeks and he looks at him with a kind smile that lights up his face. Oh, he's looking at him, right.

"H-hi, um I'm George." He stutters out like an idiot, jeeze, he can barely introduce himself properly.

"It's nice to meet you, I'm Clay." The man, Clay, says in an American accent, and oh, his voice is deep too. Clay reaches his hand out to shake and George hurriedly accepts it. George's hand gets

completely engulfed by Clay's and he can feel his knees go weak. The guy is a giant, of course his hands have to be big. George gulps and looks away, maybe his mum was right in saying that he needed to get out more, if George is already getting horny thoughts about the first attractive guy he's seen in awhile.

"Okay! Clay let me show you your room." His mum claps her hands to break the tension, and her and Clay take his bags to the guest room. George hurries away from Clay's gaze and makes his way to the bathroom. He splashes water on his face to calm himself down. How is he supposed to survive Clay's whole school semester when he can't help but think about the way Clay could easily over-power him. George groans, this is going to be awful.

George hides in his room the rest of the day, trying to forget that he has a new roommate. Especially trying to forget that he almost popped a boner just seeing him for the first time, in front of his *mum* no less. Speaking of his mum, he can't hide forever, because she soon calls him for dinner.

George takes a deep breath, steeling himself. It's okay, Clay's just some random hot guy, nothing to worry about. He still could be a total jerk and that would ruin him completely. Yeah, maybe it's for the best that he ends up being mean, George can only hope. But when he gets to the dining room, Clay is there, helping his mum finish setting the table.

"There you are George, look who helped me with dinner. He's already more helpful than you are around here!" She teases him.

George rolls his eyes, "haha very funny, you know I'll help you if you ask."

"I don't mind helping, plus I'm sure George is busy. Your mom tells me you're a freelance programmer?" Clay inquires.

"Oh yeah, I mean I don't get too many jobs but it helps pay the bills well enough." George answers as he starts picking at his food.

"That's good, it must be nice having a job with lots of freedom."

"Yeah, I couldn't ask for anything better." George smiles. The rest of the dinner is spent with them discussing their shared interest in coding. George is surprised, him and Clay seem to just *click*. They joke around with each other and George can see his mum smiling from the corner of his eye. Okay, so she was right, George did need a new friend. Now if only George could stop getting distracted by the way Clay's fingers wrapped around his fork.

Within the week, school's started up again. George goes with Clay the first day to show him around, they take the train together because George can't drive and Clay doesn't have a car.

They've already become friends, constantly having something to talk about, and even when they don't, they sit in comfortable silence. Well, comfortable for Clay. George can't stop thinking about the way Clay's thigh feels against his. George is so much smaller than him. And when George cracks a joke and Clay's hand comes down to rest on George's thigh, he thinks he might die on the spot. His hand fits around the whole top of his thigh and he squeezes slightly. George brings his hand to his mouth and whimpers. Luckily the train screeches to a halt right then and covers up the noise. Thankfully the rest of the day passes without incident, and when George gets home he cums with a cry of Clay's name, wishing it was his big, warm hand around him.

George is in the kitchen finishing up a snack. He has the house to himself, his mum is at work and Clay is at school. He walks by the dining room table and sees Clay's sweater resting on one of the chairs. He pauses, looking around. Nobody is here, it's fine, he reassures himself before snatching it off the chair and binging it to his nose. It *smells* like Clay, and he moans into it before pulling it over his head, wearing it. It's a soft blue and it goes down past his thighs, his hands are completely covered by the sleeves and he has to push them up his arms just to get his hands free. George can feel the way his face is on fire, he feels so *small* in Clay's hoodie.

Suddenly, he hears the door open and spins around to look who it is. It's not his mum, thank god, that'd be embarrassing, but maybe worse is that it's Clay. Clay looks at him with startled eyes and George can do nothing except stand in stunned silence.

"God, you're so fucking cute." Clay says in low voice, no longer surprised.

"W-What?" George's voice shakes as he turns even more red.

Clay walks over and rests his hands on George's slim waist. "Georgie how am I supposed to contain myself when you go and do this?"

George's own hands find their way to Clay's chest, "What do you mean?" He asks nervously.

"I notice the way you look at me George, I was trying to behave and not defile you in your mother's own house, but you're making it very difficult." Clay explained.

"You look at me too?" George wondered out loud, surprised.

"Oh I look at you every chance I get, you're breathtaking baby." He said fondly.

George whimpered, "Please, kiss me already."

Clay immediately swooped down to his lips, kissing him softly, working him up. George's neck craned up, he went on his tip toes to reach Clay's lips better. Clay moved his hands to the back of George's legs and effortlessly picked him up, setting him on the table. George moaned and wrapped his legs around Clay's hips, hands in his hair. Clay worked his tongue into his mouth and George melted into it, letting him completely own him with his mouth. Clay moved to his neck, sucking and biting down. "W-Wait a sec," George quickly caught his breath. "We should go to my room." Clay nodded and picked him up again, he leaned George against the door as he opened it, then made his way inside while closing the door with his foot.

He laid down George on the bed and leaned back to get a good look at him. "You're gorgeous baby, I can't believe I got so lucky." He dove back down to continue kissing him. George couldn't shut up, he kept making little noises, muffled by Clay's mouth and when he finally let their hips meet, grinding on him, George broke the kiss to moan loudly.

"Please, Clay I need more." George begged.

Clay started to work George's jeans down, revealing his soft pale thighs. He went for his boxers next, about to pull them down when George stopped him, whining. "What's wrong?" Clay asked with worry in his voice. "Promise you won't make fun of me?" George had his hands placed in front of his underwear. "Aww, does Georgie have a small cock?" Clay teased. George nodded, embarrassed. "Let me see, sweetheart." George let his hands fall away and Clay took that as permission to slide his boxers down. George's cock slipped out and Clay was right, he was small. Definitely below average, but Clay just smiled. "George you have no idea how fucking hot that is."

George took in a shuddery breath, "What do you mean?" "Look," Clay moved his hand down, wrapping it around George. "My hand covers the whole thing." George let out a desperate moan. He was right, George could feel Clay's hand *everywhere*. Usually George felt embarrassed being so small, not to mention the way he leaked pre-cum was more than normal. But Clay made him feel safe, protected. His large body towered over him in bed and made him feel like they were in their own little world.

George could feel Clay jerking him off. He squirmed and brought his hands to Clay's pants, trying to tug them off. Clay chuckled and let go, helping him take them off. His boxers came off too and this time Clay's cock sprung out. "Oh my god, of course." George whined out at the sight. Of course he *had* to be big everywhere. Clay brought their hips together and the sight of their dicks together was almost comical. Clay's hand wrapped around them both, slowly jerking them off. "Oh, Clay! Please, please I need more!" George was desperate, he'd been thinking about this for so long, he needed Clay inside him.

"Okay, do you have lube? And a condom?" Clay asked.

George reached under the pillow for lube, embarrassed at how obvious it was that he used it often. "Are you clean?" George asked him. He nodded. "No condom then, I need to feel you."

Clay groaned, "You're gonna be the death of me, Jesus."

Clay tore his shirt off, *finally*, and then pulled off the hoodie and shirt George was wearing. "You're wearing my hoodie again later, got it?" George nodded and moved his hands to grab his thighs and spread them open. Clay lubed his fingers up and started to stretch George open. He went slow, which George appreciated. He made his way up to four fingers and George turned his head to bite into the pillow case. His fingers were so thick and they reached so far, teasing his prostate. George whined, "Please, I'm gonna cum if you don't stop." His small cock was leaving a puddle of pre-cum on his stomach from all the stimulation. Clay pulled his fingers out, "Turn over, as much as I want to see your pretty face this will be much easier."

George went on his knees, arching his back. He felt Clay's lubed cock press into him. George covered his mouth with his hand, muffling his moans as he was filled up. George felt all of Clay inside him, stretching him out and pressing incessantly against his prostate. Clay was so much bigger than him that he felt his stomach bulge from the outside. He moaned, loud, and felt his cock spurt out onto the bedsheets below. Clay groaned, "Did you cum just from feeling me inside you?" George was silent, too embarrassed to respond.

"Can I keep going?" Clay asked into his ear. "...Yes." Clay heard George speak. Clay grabbed George's hands and intertwined their fingers, while completely covering George's back with his body. He thrust in straight into George's prostate again. George whined and whimpered underneath him. He was totally encompassed by him. He felt him everywhere, inside and out, and his body wouldn't let him keep quiet. He moaned out Clay's name as his cock got hard again. The constant stimulation gave him no break that it was borderline painful, and his legs squirmed as he drooled onto the pillow. "Ah, Ah, Clay!" He felt so *good*, so much that his body couldn't take it and he tried to squirm away. But Clay had him pinned down, his hands overtop of his unable to move, his body pushing him into the mattress. And God, wasn't that what we wanted from the beginning? For Clay to over-power him and take what he wanted?

"Ah, Ah, Ah!" George couldn't stop himself from moaning and eventually he came again, messing up the sheets even more. Clay moaned and came inside him, filling him with his cum. Clay let go of him and ran his hands down his back, he watched his cum spill out of him and run down his thighs. Clay reached his hand around George and squeezed his cock. "Ahh, Clay, please!" George

begged. Clay laughed, "Sorry, sorry, I just like watching you squirm." George rolled over and pouted, "Meanie." Clay gave him a kiss, "Come on, let's get cleaned up and wash the sheets before your mom gets home."

George bolted up, "Oh my God, I almost forgot! Wait, why are you home early anyway?"

"Oh, classes got cancelled, thank goodness, or else I never would have seen you in my sweater looking so good."

George blushed, secretly thankful as well, "Come on, let's go shower."

Really he should be thankful to his mum for letting Clay stay here in the first place. Although maybe she was a little off the mark when she said they could be *friends*.

## End Notes

what is wrong with me

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